

# The Bethel Courier.

A Weekly Family Newspaper, Neutral in Politics, devoted to Literature, Agriculture, Education, the Mechanic Arts, and the News of the Day.

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## The Bethel Courier.

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## Original Poetry.

### Farewell of the Bethel Rifle Guards.

BY SERGEANT BARRETT.

Near the white hills of New Hampshire,  
By the pleasant Androscoggin,  
Lies the lovely land of Bethel,  
With our happy, happy houses.

**CHORUS.**  
We're a band of soldiers,  
We're a band of soldiers,  
We're a band of soldiers,  
And we're marching to the foe.

We have left our far hill country,  
To fulfil a heart-felt duty,  
For to us it is a duty,  
To strike the traitors down.

**CHORUS.**  
On the sacred soil forever,  
We'll sustain oppression never,  
But we'll fight for freedom ever,  
We're for freedom and reform.

**CHORUS.**  
May no evil e'er betide us,  
To sever or divide us,  
But the God of Mercy guide us,  
When we're marching to the foe.

**CHORUS.**

For the Corner.

PORTLAND, May 6th, 1861.  
EDITOR OF COURIER:—Had not the sound of the drum already been heard in your quiet village, I should feel that an apology was necessary for introducing the subject of war and the necessary preparations for it. But in order to give you some idea of what earnest-hearted ladies may do, as well as to show that the spirit of '76 has not entirely died out of woman's breast, I will tell you of what the ladies of Portland have been doing for those who are so nobly volunteering in their country's service.

Monday afternoon, April 22, a meeting of the ladies was held at Lancaster Hall and a committee of four from each Ward chosen to confer upon the best means for fitting out the soldiers.

This committee met at the house of Mrs. St. John Smith, Tuesday April 23rd, and to them Hon. J. B. Brown, and H. B. Storer offered the use of their commodious Hall, on Free St. Thursday morning at nine o'clock the work began in good earnest, and although we had hoped to have finished Saturday night, a few spent Sabbath forenoon in finishing the arrangements for the comfort of the soldiers of the 1st Regiment.

Sabbath night the committee delivered into the hands of the Adjutant General of the State 1908 shirts, 2,657 towels, 948 handkerchiefs, 376 bed-sacks, 872 needle cases, 108 thread bags, 576 checked cravats.

Total number of articles made by the ladies in three days, 7,695!

Many very touching incidents were brought to the knowledge of the committee, in those three days. One lady sent in word that she would have been glad to go to the rooms and work, but having a young child which she could not leave, she requested permission to take home her bed-sacks, which she returned the next morning, completed. Another lady 90 years of age, asked to make a shirt for the soldiers of '61, as she remembered those of '76. There were tears in many eyes when that shirt, neatly made, was brought back, and the bundle of pieces that came with it were eagerly sought after, as a memento of the incident.

But time would fail me to enumerate all that was worthy of notice, in the whole-souled enthusiasm which seemed to have fired the hearts of all, young and old, rich and poor. Many eyes were occasionally seen too dim with tears to sew, as the thought came that some one's brother, father, or lover would wear the garment being made, but the tears were hastily brushed away, and from the depths of their hearts came the earnest prayer, "God grant it may cover a manly, courageous form, not a traitor or a coward."

**A. W. HENRY.**

**RUNNING FOR CASH.**—"Conductor," asked a railroad passenger, "are you running on time to-day?" "No, sir, we are running for cash."

EP A recruit going through the exercise of sword cut, asked how he should parry. "Never you mind that," said the old boss, "only you cut; let the enemy parry."

## CHARGE OF MURAT AT EYLAU.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

It is at Eylau that Murat always appears in his most terrible aspect. This battle, fought in mid winter, in 1807, was the most important and bloody one that had then occurred. France and Russia had never before opposed such strength to each other, and a complete victory on either side would have settled the fate of Europe. Bonaparte remained in possession of the field, and that was all; no victory was ever so like a defeat.

The field of Eylau was covered with snow, and the little ponds that lay scattered over it were frozen sufficiently hard to bear the artillery. Seventy-one thousand men on one side, and eighty-five thousand on the other, arose from the frozen field on which they had slept the night of February, without tent or covering, to battle for a continent. Angereau, on the left, was utterly routed in the morning. Advancing through a snow storm so thick he could not see the enemy, the Russian cannon mowed down his ranks with their destructive fire, while the Cossack cavalry, which were ordered to charge, came thundering on, almost blighting the French infantry with their long lances before they were visible through the storm.

Hemmed in and overthrown, the whole division, composed of 16,000 men, with the exception of 1,500, were captured or slain.

Just then the snow storm clearing up, revealed to Napoleon the peril to which he was brought, and he immediately ordered a grand charge by the Imperial Guard and the whole cavalry. Nothing was further from Bonaparte's wishes or expectation, than the bringing of his reserve into the engagement at this early stage of the battle, but there was no other resource left him.

Murat sustained his high reputation on this occasion, and proved himself, for the hundredth time, worthy of the great confidence Napoleon placed in him.

Nothing could be more imposing than the battle-field at this moment. Bonaparte and the Empire trembled in the balance, while Murat prepared to lead down his cavalry, to save them. Seventy squadrons, making in all 14,000 well-mounted men, began to move over the slope, with the Old Guard marching sternly behind.

Bonaparte, it is said, was more agitated at this crisis than when, a moment before, he was so near being captured by the Russians. But as he saw those seventy squadrons come down on a plunging trot, pressing hard after the white plume of Murat, that streamed through the snow storm in front, a smile passed over his countenance.

The earth groaned and trembled as they passed, and the sabres, above the foam of a sea-wave as it crests on the deep. The rattling of their armor, and the muffled thunder of their tread, drowned all the roar of battle, as with firm, set array, and swift, steady motion, they bore down with terrible front on the foe.

The shock of that immense host was like a falling mountain, and the front line of the Russian army went down like frost-work before it. Then commenced a protracted fight of hand to hand, and sword to sword, as in the cavalry action at Eckmuhl. The clashing of steel was like the raging of countless hammers, and horses and riders were blended in wild confusion together; the Russian reserve were ordered up, and on these Murat fell with his fierce horsemen, crushing and trampling them down by thousands. But the obstinate Russians disdained to fly, and rallied again and again, so that it was no longer cavalry charging on infantry, but squadrons of horse galloping through broken hosts that, gathering into knots, still disputed, with unparalleled bravery, the red and rent field.

It was during this strange fight that Murat was seen to perform one of those desperate deeds for which he was so renowned. Excited to the highest pitch of passion by the obstacles that opposed him, he seemed endowed with tenfold strength, and looked more like a superhuman being treading down helpless mortals, than an ordinary man. Amid

the roar of artillery, and rattling of musketry, and falling of sabre-strokes like lightning about him, that lofty white plume never once went down, while ever and anon it was seen gliding through the smoke of battle, the star of hope in Napoleon, and showing that his "right arm" was still uplifted and striking for victory.

He raged like an untamed lion amid the foe, and his eyes, always terrible in battle, were now red with increased lustre, while his clear and steady voice, heard above the turmoil of strife, was worth more than a thousand trumpet blasts to cheer on his followers. At length, seeing a knot of Russian soldiers that for a long time had kept up a desecrating fire on his men, he wheeled his horse and drove in full gallop upon their levelled muskets. A few of his guards, that never allowed that white plume to leave their sight, charged after him. Without waiting to count his foes, he seized his sabre in his teeth, and with his pistol in one hand and his drawn sword in the other, burst in headlong fury upon them, and scattered them as if a hurricane had swept by. Murat was a chameleon on that day, and the deeds that were wrought by him will furnish themes for the poet and painter.

We give below the abstract of a letter published in the *Bethel Reporter*, from George W. Thompson, son of Rev. Z. Thompson of Portland, formerly of Bethel, and a soldier in company H, of the 4th Regiment of Mass. V. M.

The letter was told to his brother in Portland, and dated in the Treasury Building, Washington, April 18th.

We left Faneuil Hall about 6 o'clock on Sunday morning, 14th. We passed over the Worcester road through Springfield, and had great receptions everywhere along the road. At every place we were provided with something to eat, and the sides of the road were lined with people who cheered us, fired guns and made every demonstration of sympathy and kindness which could be made in our case.

We arrived at New York in the evening, and went down Broadway to the depot, and then to the Astor House, and then left in the steamer *Desoto* and *Ariel* for Washington. We arrived off Fort Monroe the next day, came alongside a man-of-war stationed there, and received orders to go to Annapolis, thence to Washington. Fort Monroe is a strong fort, judging from its outside appearance. The troops in the fort and in the ship cheered us with cheer upon cheer, and I do not think we were deficient in answering.

We put to sea again and arrived off the city of Annapolis the next morning. The ship of war *Constitution*, ("Old Ironsides") was here with a prize in the shape of a large bark, laden with flour. There were here also, the *Harriet Lane* and three or four other war steamers laden with troops bound for Washington, the *H. L.* leading the way. We ran up to the city of Annapolis and the troops were landed during the day and went to the Naval Academy grounds for quarters. Those grounds are laid out in beautiful order and everything about the place is enchanting. I never enjoyed myself better in my life than I did the first evening I spent in this place. The next evening we were beat to arms and ordered to get ready to start for Washington. We expected to ride over the road when the Mass. troops had repaired and fitted up with cars and engine to take troops to Annapolis junction, twenty miles from the city of A. and about half way to Washington. But getting to the depot we could get only four companies on board the cars; so the rest of the Regiment started along on foot expecting the cars to return and meet us, but after the cars had passed over the road, some secession scamps tore up the rails within a few miles of the junction and when the cars started back, the engine and three cars ran off the track and were broken into fragments; so we had to walk all the way, 20 miles, in the night, and all of us needing sleep, having been two nights on board of the steamers, and of course, without much sleep. Some of the soldiers fell down upon the track and slept without anything under or over them. I kept on though I hardly see how I did it, for I was so sleepy I would fall asleep when we were marching and only wake up when I ran against

some one or stumbled over the rail. "That is so," I never was so worn as then; no, not even when we went up "Wild River" on snow shoes after deer.

We arrived at the junction and waited for the boys to come up. That night we expected an attack. It was said that a body of rebels from Baltimore were on the way to attack us, and a picket guard was called for and I volunteered for one. I was stationed on the outskirts of a wood, but the only thing that disturbed me was a great hog which came along. He gave the counter-sign "All right," and I let him pass.

As soon as we were relieved from duty, we were ordered to get ready to start for Washington, where we arrived about 6 in the morning, and marched down "Pennsylvania Avenue" to the Treasury Building. This building is near the White House, and there is a beautiful view of the grounds of that noted dwelling, and many other objects of interest from this spot.

The president has not yet called upon me, but I expect he will soon. Our quarters are very pleasant—we have our own cooking and I find no fault with our fare. It is not so used to be grumbling and finding fault when in a good cause; I did not expect to find mother's gingerbread, doughnuts, plum puddings and custards in the camp, when I enlisted, and I am resolved that I will not join with those who are all the time complaining. There is no prospect of a fight very soon and I am afraid we shall get rusty for lack of something to do.

Write to me, brother, as often as you can, and if you do not hear from me as often as you would like, believe it is because I have no opportunity.

Your brother in much love,  
G. W. T.

**The Bloody Battalion.**

Wilson's Battalion is destined to accomplish a name as the Cow Boys of the Revolution. This band of men is composed of the desperadoes and outcasts of New York. Indeed, it is said that Wilson boasts that for a week after he leaves no thief or cut throat can be found in the city, even by offering a reward for one. They number some two to three thousand men. They are all dressed in a coarse gray suit, pants, shirts and felt hats. They carry each a glittering, extra sized bowie knife, a revolver and a Minnie rifle. They rely, however on the knife and pistol for their work.

We saw a large portion of this gang of patriotic pirates, "take their oath" the other day in New York. Wilson marched them in through the marble paved portico of the St. Nicholas Hotel. They crowded along its polished hall, a swarm of mercenaries, who never before had seen such patriotic quarters. Standing in their midst, their leader bared his head; he called for cheers for the Union, for the President, for Gen. Wool (who was up stairs). Whatever he commanded was done. Howl upon howl resounded from the barbarians.

Then holding the flag of the Stars over his head with one hand, with the other the captain lifted a naked sword high in the air, so that the keen blade flashed in the brilliantly lighted hall—"you swear" he said, "my men, that in this war, you will kill every secessionist you ever see before you!" "We do! we do!" fiercely yelled the crowd. "You swear that your motto shall be, 'we ask no quarter, and we give none!'" He pronounced this in a slow, fierce, resolute way, emphasizing each syllable. And again the answering roar shook the lofty ceilings of the St. Nicholas. "You swear that you will go through Baltimore!" Here the yelling became absolutely awful, the bystanders generally joining in the applause. It was like the roar of wild beasts for their prey. "And that if I fall each of you will avenge me by more than one death?" "Yes! yes! we do; we swear we will go through Baltimore!" they answered again and again. A variety of adjurations more or less incoherent followed, and at last, like fired tigers, their noises subsided, and Wilson giving them the word of command, after a volley of cheers, marched them out again, and the St. Nicholas breathed in peace once more.

Col. Wilson, their Chief, was formerly in the City Government. He was called

the "fighting Alderman." He is not large, but is solid and compact. His head is round and hard as a bullet. The appearance of the men is like a State's prison having a carnival. They say every one of them has killed his man. This is an exaggeration, but we think their country can bear their loss if they are killed, with more equanimity than that of her Seventh Regiment, certainly.

Yet even in this reckless and brutal gang, one feeling seemed genuine; wherever the radiant flag was lifted or unfurled and pointed at, their eyes would flash with a genuine enthusiasm.

"To Baltimore or through Baltimore," was the frenzy of their hearts. Let them be the pioneers in the sacred work of pulverizing that treacherous capital, till it is like Sodom and Gomorrah.—*Boston Bee.*

**THE BEST FOWL.**—Rodwell, in his appendix to his work on the Natural History of the Rat, gives his preference as follows:—"You may now perhaps be anxious to know what kind of fowl I should choose for the ladies of the farm, and I tell you, before all fowls in the universe, give me a breed between the Spanish and the Dorking! The cockerels make the most noble, handsome, dashing birds that can be desired, and as strong as lions; while the pullets make most handsome, full bodied, sprightly hens, looking more like turkeys than barn-door fowls. For laying and breeding they are not to be equalled, and for the table they may challenge anything that can be produced. They are both large and plump, delicate as a curd, at the same time short eating, juicy, sweet and tender. In a word, I believe them to be the most delicate and delicious fowl, whether as pullet or capon that can be placed upon a punter."

There, reader, after reading the above description, we grew hungry fast—so fast that we went to dinner a half hour earlier than usual, with visions of eggs and chickens.

**HOW TO MAKE AN AMERICAN FLAG.**

Notwithstanding the number in use, few persons know how to make an American flag properly. The rule is as follows: The flag should be one half longer than wide, viz: if six feet wide, nine feet long; if eight feet wide, twelve feet long. The stripes should be alternately red and white, seven red and six white, top and bottom both being red. The field should be blue, and extend over seven stripes, commencing at the top, four red and three white. The stars signifying the number of States should be white, arranged on the blue field in the shape of a five pointed star. We have seen many flags with thirty-four stars, which is not correct, as by act of Congress the additional star is not added to the flag until the 4th of July succeeding the admission of a new State.

An excellent liniment for sprains, bruises, rheumatism, &c., is made of camphorated oil, aqua ammonia, oil origanum, and laudanum, each equal parts.

"Hot drops" and "pain killers" are made of rum one quart, capsaicin and oil origanum each half an oz., opium and cayenne each quarter oz. Digest.

He that is good will become better, and he that is bad, worse; for virtue, vice, and time never stop.

To make an excellent spring bitter equaling the best you can buy, take one oz. dandelion root, one oz. Peruvian bark, half an oz. of gentian, quarter of an oz. of carlamin seeds, and digest in one quart of rum or whiskey.

The Sunday Atlas, in a fit of revolutionary enthusiasm, says:—"Hurrah for the girls of '76!" To which a New Jersey paper cries:—"Thunder! That's too old—No, no!—hurrah for the girls of '17!"

**QUARRELS.**—Two things, well considered, would prevent many quarrels:—First, to have it well ascertained whether we are not disputing about terms rather than things; and, secondly, to examine whether that on which we differ is worth contending about.

Major Anderson has accepted the command of the Kentucky brigade. We hope his first request of the government will be a commission to retake Fort Sumter.











